TIS Merry vvhen Goſſips meet.

BODLEIANA BIBLIOTHECA

LONDON,
Printed for Iohn Deane, and are
to be ſolde at his ſhop vnder
Temple-barre. 1609.

(***)

In Commendations of this Booke.

I Cannot tell how others will thee like,
But my conceit is, thou art paſſing wittie:
No viperous tongue thy pleaſant vaine will ſtrike?
And if they ſhould (infaith) the more t'were pittie.
Thou medleſt not with *Wines* which ciuill bee,
But *Widdowes* wanton; *Maydes* of mean'ſt degree:
What reaſon then haue Enuious, enuie thee?

Thou art not ſeated in a ſumptuous Chaire,
Nor do thy Lines import of Maieſty:
Thy Table is not deck't with coſtly faire:
Thy Seruants at a call, Anon will crie.
Indeed thy drinke is (Spirit, Vigor, Life,
No ſpurre to Enuy, nor no prop for Striſe)
Good Wine, which cheare's a *Widdow*, *Maide*, or *Wife*.

Thou art not thwack't with Bawdy riball ſtuffe,
Nor do'ſt thou touch in ought a Vertuous creature:
Thou need'ſt not care though Vice at thee do ſnuffe,
A vicious man is like a fiery Meature,
Which ſhewes farre off a terror to the eye,
Yet as a flaſh of Lightning ſoone doth dye:
But thou of Myrth, and not of Hate, art framed.
A Goſsips friendly meeting, art thou named.

I. S.

'Tis merry when Goſsips meet.

The Conference.

GOod den good Couſſen; Ieſu, how de'e do? *Widdow*
When ſhall we eate another *Dagger Pie?*
You are a ſtranger, Chriſt when met we two?
I Muſe you do not call as you go by:
What lucky buſineſſe pra'y hath brought you hither,
That we ſhould meet at *Tauerne*-doore togither? *Wife*

In truth (kind Couſſe) my comming's from the *Pawne,*
But *I* proteſt I loſt my labour there:
A *Gentleman* promiſt to giue me *Lawne,*
And did not meet me, which he well ſhall heare.
Some lets may happen in the way vnknowne: *Widdow*
He hath been hindred, that's to bide vpon. *Wife*

Why how now *Beſſe*? to paſſe vnſeene dooſt thinke? *Widdow*
Where go'ſt my wench? *Beſ:* To ſee my brother *Steuen*
Heere's *Widdow*, *Wife*, and *Maid*: Efayth let's drinke *Widdow*
A parting Pint, and ſo God make vs euen:
Slip in good Couſſen, you are next the dore,
Won pinte of kindneſſe and away, no more.

vvife No in good faith: Introth I muſt away,
My husbands forth, our ſhop muſt needs be tended,
Mayde My Mother's gone to Church, I cannot ſtay,
If I be found from home, ſhee'le be offended:
Widdow Ile lead the way my ſelfe: Lord, heere's a life,
I know theſe ſhifts ſince I was Maid and Wife.

Widdow Where ſhall we be? (*Vint:*) I pray go vp the ſtaires,
vvife Good Couſſen no, let's take it ſtanding heere,
Widdow Beſhrew me then, where euery one repaires,
Ile none of that, weele haue a roome my deere:
Come, you looke that I ſhould be your leader,
Wife Couſſe, that's becauſe you are a nimble treader.

Vintner Y're welcome Gentle-women; what Wine drinke ye?
Widdow Al's one to me: what ſay you Miſtris *Beſſe*,
Wife What wine's the beſt for our complexions thinke ye?
Vintner I haue no Phyſicke, (*wife*) yet good Brother geſſe;
Widdow Why ha'ſt good Clarret? (*Vint.*) the beſt in London,
Wife Either fill good; be briefe, or leau't vndon.

Vintner Heere *Gentlewomen* this is neat and pure,
Wife Pray taſt it Couz, you know good Wine and Beere,
Widdow Good Lord, good Lord, that you grow ſo demure:
Let's drinke familiar, wherefore come we heere?
This to you both, Couz, *Grace*, and Miſtris *Beſſe*,
A full Carouſe, Ile haue you pledge no leſſe.

Tis

T'is pretty wine in truth: nay fill your Cup,
Wee'le haue no pingling now we are alone,
If heere were men, I would not drinke it vp
For twenty pounds my ſelfe; but now al's one:
Sometime wet lip, and ſmell the Wine's enuffe,
And leeſe a kiſſe, rather then marre our Ruffe.

But now let's barre diſſembling to be merry,
And in good earneſt entertaine our Wine;
This touch, and taſte, makes the ſences weary,
What reaſon now we ſhould be fooliſh fine?
No Louers nor no Suter's heere, that ſees it,
We haue good time and liquor, let's not leeſe it.

Content (ſay I) nay *Beſſe* Ile be thy skinker, *Wife*
Intruth (forſooth) a full Cup doth excell: *Mayde*
Good Lord, I am become a might drinker.
Another Pint; the fellow vſ'd vs well: *widdow*
I by my troth, the wine is good in truth: *wife*
Fill tother Pint, (*wid.*) Prethee go right ſweet youth

Now Couſſe, heere's to our friends in *Soperlane*, *widdow*
Let come ſweet Couzen, I will pledge them all, *Wife*
But Ieſu Chriſt! what is become of *Iane*? *widdow*
Oh, ſhe is gone to dwell by *London-wall*: *wife*
Good God (infooth) I neuer was more merry, *widdow*
Then when we both did dwell in *Bucklers-berry*.

Now heauenly Christ, how pleasant we haue bin,
But yet one time we had a cruell stirre,
A Drapers man and she were mighty in.
I pra'y, whats she with him, or he with her?

Wife Faith both in loue: Well, *Iane's* an honest Mayd:

Widdow But Lord the prankes that we mad Wenches playd.

My Mistresse got my Maister to consent
One Midsommer, shee being very ill,
To leaue the Citty, and go lye in *Kent*,
By which good hap, we had the house at will:
There *Roger*, *Iane*, and I, met euery night;

Wife Heere *Besse*: good Brother fil's a quart of White.

Widdow No Musique in the Euening we did lacke,
Such dauncing Cousſen you would hardly thinke it;
Whole pottles of the daintiest burned Sack,
T'would do a wench good at the heart to drinke it.
Such store of tickling Galliards, I do vow,
Not an old Dance, but *Iohn come kisse me now*.

And let them talke, and praise the marriage life
To be so ful of pleasure, as they say:
I that haue liu'd both Widdow, Maide, and Wife,
And try'd all pleasures euery kind of way,
Know what to do, and will maintaine this still,
That of the three, Maides haue the world at will.

Faith

Efayth they haue and haue not ; for you know, *Wife*
(Put to the doore, heere's none but friends you ſee,)
They ſay, Loue creepeth where it cannot go:
Maids muſt be married, leaſt they mar'd ſhould bee:
I will be ſworne, before I ſaw fifteene,
I wiſht that I my wedding day had ſeene.

Tuſh tittle tattle: *Beſſe*, it muſt be done,
My Couſſen thinkes not as her words import,
I could not for a world haue liu'd a Nunne:
Oh, fleſh is fraile, we are a ſinfull ſort,
I know that beautious wenches are inclinde
To harbour handſome men within their minde.

Couſſen, you meane becauſe a Mayd is free,
Hauing no head to keepe her body vnder,
She liues a life not bound ſo much as we:
The *Ieſt* is ſimple, and it makes me wonder,
That you which haue with *Venus* ſports bin fed,
Should put ſuch errors in a Maydens head.

Nay, but I pray you vnderſtand my reaſon,
The youthfull fauours that they do attaine,
For this you know, that all the wooing ſeaſon, *Widdow*
Sutors with Gifts continuall ſeeke to gaine
Their Miſtreſſe loue, to ioyne with their affection,
With words and liues, humbled in ſubiection.

wife That's very true, the bounty of their loues,
Are lib'rall still with many a kind respect;
In conscience I had twenty paire of Gloues
When I was Maid, giuen to that effect:
Garters, Kniues, Purses, Girdles, store of Rings,
And many a hundred dainty pretty things.

widdow Well Cozen well, those daies in date be past,
wife T'is very true, with vs that world doth change,
Heere stands a cup of Wine, pray who dranke last?
widdow Why that did *I.* to *Besse:* Lord, Maids be strange:
They looke for thousand words of Sweet, and Pray,
And take few things, to which they say not nay.

Mayde T'is Maidens modesty to vse deniall,
A willing offer commeth twice or thice,
widdow But heere's a cup of Wine doth stand for triall,
Your Maiden-ship takes liquor in too nice:
Pray mend your fault kind Besse, wee'l none of that,
Wine and Virginity kept stale, drinke flat.

Mayde You are to blame, in truth, we drinke like men,
Now by my truely I am e'ne ashamed,
widdow Tut wench, God knowes when we shall meet agen;
Nor need we feare of husbands to be blamed:
Our cent of wine shall not by them be felt,
The married wife in kissing will be smelt.

Oh

Oh Couz, if that be all the worſt, I care not, *wife*
Ile take allowance euen with the beſt:
This Cup to you, you ſhall not ſay I dare not:
My husband ſmell? Oh Ieſu! there's a ieſt,
I care as little for my husbands ſmelling,
As any wench this houre in London dwelling.

T'is well you need not, ſure I take him kinde, *widdow*
As kind a man as woman need to lye with, *wife*
Would I as well were fitted to my minde, *Mayde*
A louing man who would not liue and die with:
My husband did to other Loues incline, *widdow*
Nay mine is conſtant, by this cup of VVine. *wife*

Now Chriſt, how *wiues* and *widdowes* take occaſions *Mayde*
T'inlarge their husband credits, or diſpraiſe:
Some harbour ielous thoughts, ſome kind perſwaſions:
In ſome match men, in ſome the women ſtraies:
And when they meet, they ſo diſcourſe and ſcan
About whoſe choyce hath got the kindeſt man.

Alas (good *Beſſe*) thou ſpeak'ſt thou know'ſt not what, *wife*
Thy iudgement is not worth a Walnut-ſhell:
There's an old graue Prouerbe tel's vs, that
Such as dye Mayds, do all lead Apes in Hell:
I rather whiles I liue, would yearely marry,
Then waighting-maide on ſuch preferment tarry.

That

Mayd That *Prouerbes* proofe can do you little ſtead,
But married Wiues oft giues, and takes ſuch claps,
Taurus ſo rules and guides their husbands head,
That euery night they ſleepe in Horn-worke caps:
I pray what Prouerbe is it that allowes
The Diuels picture on your Husbands browes.

Widdow Enough you wrangling Wenches, fie for ſhame,
Take me in drinke, leaue out your diſputation:
Pray Brother fill a pinte more of the ſame,
Wife Couſſen belike you meane to drinke in faſhion,
We ſhall be trim'd, and haue our wits refinde,
Efaith we ſhall, if you may haue your minde.

Widdow Now to your Husband Couſſe, this full carouſe,
Wife In truth I pledge you, and I thanke you truely:
To all our friends *Beſſe* at your Mother houſe.
Mayde Thankes gentle Miſtris *Grace*, I dranke but newly.
Wife Beſhrew my heart, this wine is not the worſt.
Widdow Good-faith methinkes tis better then the firſt.

Wife But Couſſen, pre'thee art not yet towarde marriage?
Widdow Truly I am, and am not, as it ſtandes:
A Gentleman of paſsing gallant carr'age,
Doth ply me hard; one that has prettie Lands:
Handſomer man neuer in ſhoo did tread,
By this good drinke, a kinder ne're broke bread.

To

To try his loue, ſometimes I faigne me ſicke,
And (by this Candle) he will ſit and weepe.
Now by my troth, that's one my Good-mans tricke, *Wife*
Let me complaine; Chriſt what a quoile hee'le keepe:
Asking what ayles my ſweet-hart, tell me honny,
My Loue, my Doue, my Lamb, my pretty Conny?

See ſee, how ſay: But ſirra Couſſen, than *Widdow*
I force a ſigh with halfe a dozen grones;
This comes (ſayes he) to lye without a man, *wife*
My husband ſayes, kind Loue, thou breedſt yong bones
Well *Iohn* (ſay I) you reſt to ſee my paine,
Then (by this Wine) the foole will weepe againe.

Couſſe you are happy you haue ſuch a one, *Widdow*
Make much of him, a Iewell Wench thou haſt,
But I had one would let me grunt and grone,
The verieſt Clowne; but well, tis gone and paſt,
If he had liu'd Couſſen, I do proteſt,
I would haue done a thing: well, let that reſt.

Ile neuer truſt a Red-hair'd man againe,
If I ſhould liue a hundred yeares that's flat:
His turne cannot be ſeru'd with one or twaine,
And how can any woman ſuffer that?
I know tis better to take wrong then do it,
But yet in ſuch a caſe fleſh leads vs to it.

Mayde Why is a red-hair'd man so bad of life?
What say you to a yellow flaxen haire?
Widdow Not one among a hundred true t'his wife,
That constant loyall-harted thoughts doth beare.
They loue, but how? as did the youth of *Greece*,
From euery weneh to gaine a golden Fleece.

And they whose minds haue this corrupt infection,
(Because I would haue *Besse* to take good heed)
Are such as are cal'd *Sanguine* of complection,
I prethee Girle, let no such Sutor speed:
I speake it by experience and good triall,
Of all haire-cullours giue that haire deniall.

A *Nut-browne* colour, or an *Aburne* either,
May both do well, and are to be alow'd:
A *Flaxen*-colour hath no great fault neither:
But for a ragged chin I firme haue vow'd,
It shall by me perpetuall be abhord,
And with my heeles I scorne it by the Lord.

A man whose beard seems scar'd with spirits t'haue bin,
That wants the worthiest grace length, bredth & thick-(nes,
And hath no difference twixt his nose and chin,
But all his haires haue got the falling sicknes,
Whose fore-frunt lookes like Jack-an-Apes behind,
Shee that can loue him, beares a scuruy minde.

I pray you, what ſay you to my Husband then? *Wife*
The rar'ſt complexion that you can deuiſe, *Widdow*
The Golden ſentence proues blacke-bearded-men,
Are precious Pearles in beautious womens eyes:
Their loyall hearts none iuſtly can controule,
I loue a blacke man Couzen, with my ſoule.

Let *Beſſe* note this; for when *I* was a Maide, *Wife*
and to the loue of men began to bow,
I gaue great eare to that which women ſaid,
When they were merry met, as we are now:
Yea and my mother did perſwade me too,
Wench (would ſhe ſay) note what your Elders doo.

That leſſon without Booke was ſtraight mine owne,
She need not to repeat it ouer twice,
I quickly ſmelt what t'was to liue alone,
What to be kind in loue, what to be nice:
A nan, a nan, what i'ſt (forſooth) you lacke? *Vintner*
Sauceages Brother, and a pint of Sack. *widdow*

No more in ſadneſſe, now t'is time to part, *Mayde*
In conſcience it is ſixe a clocke at leaſt,
Wee'le haue a reckoning after t'other quart, *Widdow*
They ſay enough's as good as any feaſt: *Mayde*
In deed my Wench, enough's a feaſt, that's right, *Widdow*
But we want that, which lye alone all night.

Wife You both may mend that matter when you will,
Whose fault t'ſt but yout owne you do not marrie?
God made not *Beſſe* to liue a Mayden ſtill,
Mayde Faith t'is my Mothers counſel that I tarrie,
She alwayes ſayes, when youngmen come a woing,
Stay daughter ſtay, you muſt not yet be doing.

Widdow Now in good faith your mother is too blame,
To wiſh ſo womanly a wench to ſtay;
She knowes fifteene, may Hubands iuſtly claime.
Mayde Fifteene, why I was that laſt Lady-day:
You are deceiu'd, for I am no ſuch youth,
I am ſixteene when next March comes in truth.

Widdow Beſhrew my heart but thats a goodly time,
I would to Chriſt that I could ſay ſo too,
I would not linger out my youthfull prime,
Nor ſtand and aske my Mother what to doo,
No, I could tell I trow, as well as ſhe,
Toward *Batchelers* how Maidens ought to be.

Mayde I, I know ſometing too: but what of that?
Our Parents wils you know muſt be obay'd.
Well, ſay they muſt: yet ſhall I tell you what
Wife A Scholler told me when I was a Mayd,
Of Marriage knot, they haue no power to break it,
Now by this Sacke, a Learned man did ſpeake it.

T'was

T'was nothing but ſound truth which he did tell, *Widdow*
For husbands, we our Parents muſt forſake,
Were this wine burn'd Couſſen, it would do well, *Wife*
Faith I was thinking on it when you ſpake; *Mayde*
My Mother ſayes burnt Sacke is good at night,
A'my word *Beſſe*, your Mother's in the right. *Wife*

Brother, I prethee let this wine be burn'd,
And ſee (good youth) the Sauceages be ready:
To one good meaning our three minds be turn'd,
When Sacke is ſugered t'will not be ſo heady,
We drinke ſo much, my cheeks are paſsing warme, *Mayde*
Sweet *Elſabeth*, good Wine can do no harme. *Wife*

Yet truſt me Couſſen, when I was a Girle,
For Tauerne, no young-man could get me to it,
Neither for Loue, Gold, precious Stones, or Pearle:
My tongue deny'd, when heart inclin'd to do it:
For (by my faith) I euer lou'd good Wine,
But oft refrain'd, I was ſo Mayden-fine.

Well, wot you *Beſſe* to whom Ile drinke to now? *Widdow*
Sure as I liue, vnto your Siſter *Siſſe*,
And to the Youth that did the Angell bow,
And ſent it for a token: truth halfe this:
He loues you both, vpon my word he doth,
Reſolue it, or you wrong him *Beſſe*, in ſoth.

Mayde His loue to me I little do regard,
Perhaps my sister doth respect it more,
widdow Then *Elsabeth*, in truth you vse him hard.
Mayde How hard? he had his answere long before?
I will not loue him whatsoere befall,
Ile haue a handsome man, or none at all.

Widdow Go to, go to, his riches doth excell,
Mayde A Figge for wealth, tis person *I* affect,
Widdow You are a foole, he will maintaine you well,
Mayde *I* tell you, I a propper man respect:
De'e thinke that I with such a dwarffe will store me,
That shall disgrace me when he goes before me.

Ile haue a comely man from head to foot,
In whose neat limbes no blemish can be spide:
Whose Legge shall grace his stocking or his Boot,
and weare his Rapier manly by his side:
With such a one my humour doth agree,
He shall be welcome to my bed and mee.

Besse, and th'art wise, hold that opinion still,
For were *I* to begin the world to morrow,
In such a choice, *I* would my minde fulfill:
And so *I* drinke to thee: come on, hang sorrow:
Wench, let it be thy rule at any hand,
To make thy choyce euen as thy mind doth stand.

Many

Many do match (as true as this is Wine)
With some Dunce, Clown, or Gul, they care not who,
For no cause but to be maintained fine,
and haue their wils in what they please to do:
When their hearts loues as much in other things,
As there is Vertue in mine Apron-strings.

Faith tis too true. Fough, what a filthy smell? *widdow*
as sure as death *I* am e'ne like to choke,
Methinkes *I* feele my selfe not very well. *Mayde*
Now out vpon't it is *Tobacco* smoke: *Wife*
Knocke Cozen knocke, heere is a filthy smother,
For Gods loue quicke: some Iuniper sweet Brother.

There cannot be a more detested stinke, *widdow*
And yet you see how dainty many make it.
As true as this is Wine that I do drinke, *Mayde*
I would not for a Crowne kisse one that takes it:
My Husband is so kind an honest man, *Wife*
That heele touch none, if I say, Do not *Ian*.

His commendations certaine is the more, *Widdow*
With one another we are bound to beare,
He beares with you, fauour you him therefore.
Surely I do, as both of you shall heare: *Wife*
T'is death to him to smell but a Goose-pye,
and therefore Goose-flesh neuer do I buy.

That's

Widdow That's a ſtrange matter ſure; I loue a Gooſe,
But for a Wood-cocke I did neuer care,
wife When I eat Pigge it makes my body looſe,
Mayde I loue a tender Rabbet, or a Hare,
A Turkey-pie, or Pigion for a need:
But on groſſe Butchers fleſh I cannot feed.

wife Couſſen, when I lay in of my firſt Boy,
Lord how I long'd to eate a Partridge wing,
And when it came, my ſtomacke had no ioy,
But all my minde was of another thing. (buy,
Thou ſhalt lacke nought (quoth *Iohn*) that gold will
Why then (ſweet-hart) lets haue a Cherry-pye.

If *London* yeeld it (*Loue*) thou ſhalt not lacke,
So kind, methinkes I heare him ſtill repeat it:
But haſting downe the ſtaires, I cald him backe,
Tis full of ſtones (quoth I) I cannot eat it:
With that he kiſt me, and began to weepe,
And I being ſomewhat heauy fell aſleepe.

But then I fell into the ſtrangeſt dreame
Of fire and water, that you euer heard:
And I was troubled Couſſe the moſt extreame
With one all night, that had a yellow beard:
And with a Cocke had neither ſpurres nor combe,
And with the little Bitch you haue at home.

Why

Why ſurely now you talke of dreames in ſadneſſe, *Widdow*
I dream't laſt night two Cattes did leape and skip,
Playing together with great ſport and gladneſſe,
Vntill one came to part them with a whip:
I laughed that my heart did ake thereat,
To ſee the fooliſh fellow whip the Cat.

A pretty ieſt: But *Beſſe* to whom de'e drinke? *Wife*
I ſpy a fault, you do your ſelfe forget:
The Wine ſtands waiting in the cup me thinke,
Prethee my Wench, lets haue our lips kept wet.
I pledge thee my Girle: nay ſweet now drinke it vp,
A *Goſsips* round, that's euery one a Cup.

Next houſe to mine a *Gentlewoman* lies, *Widdow*
Wilt pleaſe you *Gentlewomen* heare a ſong? *Fidler*
Good fellow, now we are about to riſe: *Wife*
Where ſtayes the *Vintners* ſeruice Boy ſo long?
Shut dore pray Coſſen after that baſe groome,
Weele haue no fidling Knaue diſgrace our roome.

Well, go to Couſſe, go forward with the reſt, *Widdow*
What reſt I pray? I know not what you meane: *Wife*
No, why of her that is your neighbours gueſt? *Widdow*
T'is true, t'is true, my gallant ſilken Queane:
I had forgot the talke I was about,
The Fidler comes me in, and puts me out.

Why she forsooth (an't please you) is so fine,
She neuer drinkes vnlesse she dine or sup,
And then she hath her penny pot of wine:
wife Marry and gip, some body take her vp:
Some Doctors wench a'my word for her skill,
That takes in Diet by the dram and pill.

My Husband doth alow me Ile be sworne,
A pint a meale as true as we sit heere:
I tell you (as my friends) I would e'ne scorne
To dine or sup without it in a yeere:
He knowes (efaith) to please me in my diet,
Or for a month I shall be out of quiet.

Then if he sees me out of patience once,
Oh Christ, how we will seeke to amends,
Then do I sigh to grieue him for the nonce,
Wherewith, hee'le kisse and say, Sweet loue be frends:
I let him kisse, and speake me faire a while,
And when the sullen humor's past, I smile.

widdow I cannot chuse but praise thy pretty wit,
It is the very course that I would take,
Thou entertain'st his humour passing fit.
Mayde Why, I thought men had lou'd for kindnesse sake?
vvife Alas plaine wench, God knowes thou art not in it,
She that will settle loue, must this way win it.

Indeed I neuer heard that tricke before, *Mayde*
I thought mens loue muſt ſtill be fed with kindneſſe,
God helpe thee *Beſſe*, not one among a ſcore, *Wife*
That poore opinion is but Maidens blindneſſe:
In theſe things thou knoweſt little, it appeares,
But it will come, for now thou com'ſt to yeares.

Why woman, if we ſeeme not in behauiour
As though we car'd not greatly to conſort,
They'le thinke forſooth they do vs mighty fauour,
And we muſt ſeeme beholden for our ſport:
So beſt in ſtrangeneſſe we our meanings hide,
which makes them loue, & giue good words beſide.

This for inſtruction *Beſſe*, I haue diſcloſed,
Intruth I yeeld more thankes then may be told, *Mayde*
Heere's to you both againſt you are diſpoſed. *widdow*
Lord, while you talke the Sauceages wax cold,
Come draw your kniues: fall to, I pray begin,
You know cold Puddings are not worth a pin.

How pretty ſalt they taſt: but tis the better, *Wife*
Moſt rare efayth to drinke Sacke withall, *widdow*
Beſſe, pray go too, will you remaine my detter?
Why de'e not pledge me? troth and fayth you ſhall,
Nay ſure all this: truſt me t'is more then need, *Mayde*
In truth, in ſadneſſe, now in very deed.

Widdow Well, if you do not *Beſſe* you do me wrong,
You ſhall not be forſworne for twenty pound.
Mayde How't burnes my belly as it goes along,
Wife My turne is next, and ſo it paſſeth round:
Looke *Gentlewomen* is it full dee thinke?
I ſcorne to be intreated take my drinke.

Widdow Why laugh you Coſſen? ſweet lets know,
Mayde An odde conceite *I* thinke on; makes me ſmile:
When I am forth in company, or ſo,
How by the dram I take in Wine that while,
Kiſsing the Cup, vpon the Wine I frowne,
And ſo with ſmelling it, *I* ſet it downe.

Some ſimple fooles (all manners for his wit)
Comes on me with the French ſalute moſt quaintly,
And ſayes, Sweet, mend your draft, you drink no whit,
Introth you ſhew your ſelfe too mayden-dainty.
Drinke better Lady at my kind requeſt,
I ſay ſweet Sir, *I* can no wine digeſt.

Widdow Marry wee'le beare you with fie when you will,
Ile take my oath on twenty Table-bookes,
The laſt full cup hath made you mighty ill:
Some *Roſa-ſolis*, ſee how pale ſhe lookes,
Another pinte of that ſhe taſted laſt,
To breake wind with, and then the worſt is paſt.

Good (ſe faith) good, my Couſſe is in the vaine, *Wife*
Ile match you for it Wench, I hold a Crowne.
Fill none, vnleſſe you'le drink about againe,
Content ſay I, you cannot put me downe. *Widdow*
How ſay'ſt thou *Beſſe*, ſhall it be ſo Girle, ſpeake? *Widdow*
If I make one, pray God my girdle breake. *Mayde*

Talke not ſo loud, what will folke thinke that heare? *Wife*
The very *Vintners* Boy laugh't when you ſpake,
Had I ſeene that, I would haue ſound his eares, *Widdow*
VVhy Maiſter Boy, weele pay for that we take,
Baſe groome, I ſay, although thou tak'ſt me mellow,
Know ſmooth-fac'ſt knaue, I am your Miſtris fellow.

Good Lord, what ayles my Couſſen be ſo hot? *Wife*
Tuſh let it paſſe, you know Boyes ſawcy be,
It ſhall not be forgiuen nor forgot: *Widdow*
Your Maiſters liues you haue by ſuch as we:
Call for a reck'ning, let's know what's to pay?
By heauen I ſcorne a minute more to ſtay.

Brother, I pray is it your Maiſters minde,
Your fellow Boy ſhould flout gueſts when they drinke?
My Maiſters will is for to vſe you kinde, *Vintner*
T'will ſcath him more my friend, then he doth thinke. *Widdow*
What is thy name? *Vint.* Forſooth my name is *Will*,
What country man? *Vint.* Forſooth at Fish-ſtreet hill. *widdow*

william, we come not heere to be abused,
There are more Tauernes besides your's in towne,
We can go where we might be curteous vsed,
Vintner Intruth forsooth my fellow's but a Clowne:
Widdow *william*, we haue some credit where we dwell,
And *william*, Boyes should vse their betters well.

For *William*, say the case were but your owne,
And that you were as we are at this season,
With friends a drinking where you are vnknowne,
Widdow Would you be flouted? (*Vint.*) By my faith no reason,
William, thou answer'st like a youth of sence,
For surely *William*, t'is a great offence.

And *william*, I would haue you vnderstand,
Weele pay your Maister for the Wine we haue,
Vintner O Lord forsooth, as sure as in my hand,
widdow *William*, we come not to intreat or craue,
We met together *william*, at your doore,
And entred for a Pint, which fals out more.

William, we will not be beholding (see yee)
Vnto your Maister more then to another:
T'is for good Wine and welcome, we come to yee,
Or farewell *william*, and you were my Brother:
And therefore *william* this abuse we scorne,
For we are *London-Gentlemen* borne.

Why *william* know, heere's neither *Cisse* nor *Kate*, *widdow*
No, so God helpe me, I do see you are not, *Vintner*
Thinkes sawce your fellow, we vse Parrets prate, *Widdow*
VVilliam our talke is honest, and we care not
If all the parish were in place to heare it,
No by this Cup, (*Vint.*) Ifaith you need not sweare it.

Forsooth, I trust your Wine was very good? *Widdow*
VVilliam I graunt the wine was not amisse,
But that base Boy hath vext me to the blood:
A Man, *william* would neere haue offer'd this,
The Prouerbe sayes, 't is Manners that doth make,
William, giue Guests good words for manners sake.

William when cam'st thou in this house to dwell?
Forsooth about three yeares agon last May, *Vintner*
William, serue God, and please thy Maister well, *Widdow*
T'will be thine owne *William*, another day:
Your Maister's marri'd *William*, is he not?
Yes forsooth, yes, a Mistresse I haue got. *Vintner*

VVilliam, your Maister hath no Children by her? *Widdow*
No forsooth, but I thinke she be with Child, *Vintner*
To haue a Boy she hath a great desire,
So would not I (*william*) for Boyes be wilde: *widdow*
Though Girls cry (*william*) till they be bepist,
William, giue me a Girle, take Boyes who list.

Goussen

Wife Cousſen you do forget your ſelfe methinke,
When *Beſſe* and *I* come home, we ſhall be chid,
widdow Pray fill the Cup to *william*, let him drinke,
Vintner *In* truth forſooth tis the laſt thing *I* did
Wife Good *william* drinke, *I* prethee *william* doo,
Vintner Forſooth *I* pledge you, and *I* thanke ye too.

widdow William let's know to pay, and theres an end?
Vintner Marry forſooth three ſhillings and a penny.
widdow William lay downe their mony, none ſhall ſpend,
Couſſen, and *Beſſe*, pray y' do not offer any:
Harke, Bow-bell rings, before the Lord tis late,
William good night, prethy take vp thy Plate.

FINIS.